

## THE NEW PLAYS

**"The Nest"**  
Poignant and Human  
By CHARLES DARNTON

THERE is nothing in life so selfish as youth, and no one knows this so well as a mother. This poignant truth has been put into "The Nest" by Paul Gerald, though little of its poignancy is realized in the acting at the Forty-eight Street Theatre.

It is surprising and regrettable that Grace George, in translating the play from the French, did not see her way clear to acting the mother instead of letting the role go to Lucile Watson, for if she had done so there would no doubt be quite a different story to tell. Miss George could have given the character a delicate sensitive appeal that is barely suggested by Miss Watson in spite of her uncommon skill and intelligence. This is said with the feeling that what has been done is fair to neither woman.

If ever there was a play of heartache it is "The Nest," with the mother finding herself as far outside the lives of her married daughter and her philandering son as though she were a stranger, or at most a mere acquaintance. Her tragedy is seen closing in upon her even in the comedy of an exceedingly clear and skilfully written first act filled with the nervous gaiety and distraction of the daughter's wedding day. In the whirl of it the nineteen-year-old son is thrown with a woman old enough to be his grandmother, yet young enough to give him the answer to the restiveness that has been puzzling him. Swiftly, cruelly, yet with a dramaticist's eye for a situation of which the mother must inevitably be the victim.

At only one point can the truth of Gerald's work be questioned, and it is reached six weeks later, when the godmother opens a letter from a woman to the boy and Mme. Hamelin guesses from her agitation that Eve-line is her son's mistress. Here the author may be suspected of a weakness for Sardou's old bag of tricks, usually scorned by the modern French realist. But there are no more attempts at thrilling expedients as the mother tries to make the best of matters. As for the father, he merely smiles with a certain satisfaction on learning that his son has an eye for an attractive woman.

Meanwhile, the boy eludes his mother at every opportunity until she gains his confidence by telling him that she knows he is in love and sympathizes with him, but this momentary bond is broken as soon as she learns he is spending money on a pleasure-loving actress. The boy is virtually lost to her, and when the daughter gets back from her wedding trip she is comparatively casual in her delayed visit to the parental home and covetous of various furnishings with which to adorn her new "nest." It is as a lonely widow that the mother goes to her daughter's apartment on her silver wedding anniversary in the hope of being asked to stay to dinner, only to decline a perfunctory invitation to join the younger guests. More pathetic still is her lingering to speak with a servant as a last excuse for remaining a minute or two longer. Finally she goes out through a door leading to the servants' stairway, which her son, now in military training and on leave in Paris, had taken a short time before in order to avoid meeting her and explaining he couldn't visit her just then as he was going to see some one else. The door closes behind a mother carrying with her an empty heart. Some of this, but by no means all, Miss Watson makes you feel. No fault can be found with her wedding day scene, for she acts it charmingly. But later on she is too worldly in manner, too brittle, or what you like, to convey the silent grief of the woman. Sometimes the note is lost in haste, as, for instance, when, in looking at the photograph sent the son, she abruptly follows a talk with

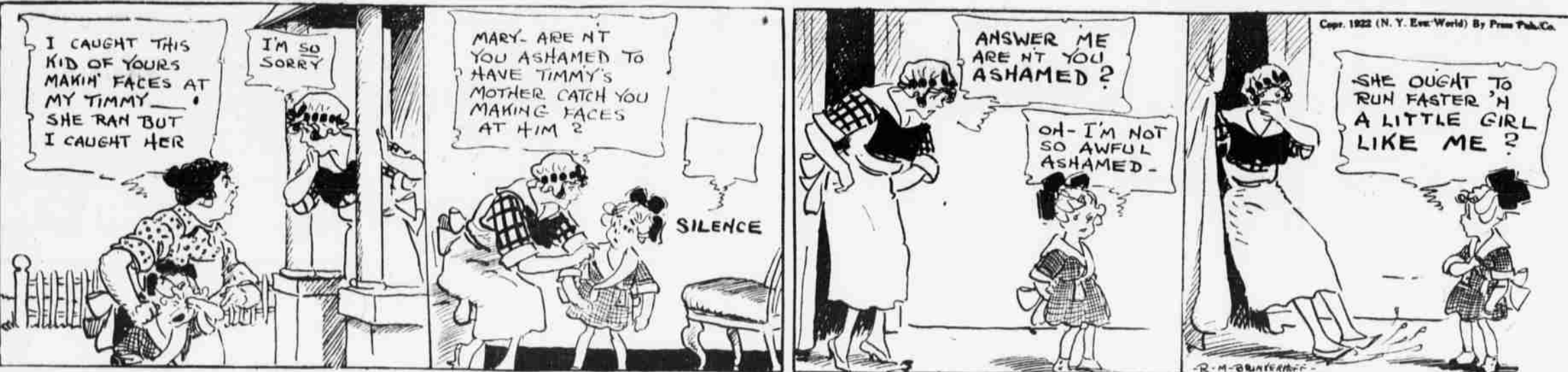
## JOE'S CAR



## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



## KATINKA



## About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WILLIAM FAVERHAM, starring in "The Squaw Man" at the Astor Theatre, states fearlessly and with considerable aplomb, whatever that is, that he intends to play "Hamlet" next fall. He has acted other Shakespearean roles in his time but never the melancholy Dane.

"When I act Hamlet," he said last night, "I intend to act him as well as declaim him. The trouble with Hamlet is that he is read and never acted. This is usually because few players have the physical endurance to act the role."

We once saw a young lawyer in Leavenworth, Kan., named Mann act Hamlet. The show started at 8, and when we left at 1 A. M. was still going strong. Mann was a physically robust fellow, a fact he proved later in licking several guys who mentioned his excellent acting. We were only twelve years old and we ran all the way home that night, thus foiling the throngs of hold-up men, abductors and murderers who lurked along the route.

**OBSERVATIONS.**

We saw "Pins and Needles" when it opened at the Shubert Theatre Wednesday evening and hardly recognized it. In London last June we accompanied Marc Klaw to a performance of "Pins and Needles" at the Gaiety Theatre and Wednesday evening we expected to enjoy again sev-

eral features of the London production. But they were not offered. Where, Mr. De Courville, is the fellow who tried all sorts of comical stunts, such as juggling, weight-lifting, etc., and always failed ludicrously? And where is the lady who opened a little window in the set at one side and sang "I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody" across the stage to a man peering out of a similar window? And where is "The Dance of Death," the dramatic sketch that was so impressively acted? Of course, we know you couldn't have the Duncan Sisters over here but—well, how are you, anyway?

A theatrical man came to us yesterday with the statement that the number of road companies playing the one-night stands this season is 1,000 less than it was six years ago. This means, he said, that 15,000 actors and other attaches are out of work road ventures. He explained that high railroad fares, high salaries and Equity restrictions have discouraged the small-time manager. We should be glad to print a statement from the Equity on this subject, or letters from managers who have quit. Come on, folks, let's get to the bottom of it, before they make restaurants and garages out of all the one-night stand theatres.

**THE LIBERTY'S NEXT.**

"To the Ladies," a new comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, authors of "Dulcy," will be the

## RHYMED PROPOSALS

Helena of Harlem says she craves a sweetheart with a view to matrimony. This little lady has written us such an earnest plea for aid in her quest that we intend to spare no pains to get her safely married off. Incidentally, we wish to say that all the proposals we print here are genuine. We receive about half a dozen a day and many of them are really pitiful cases. But as to Helena—read, boys:

I am a little girl,  
Whose head is all awhirl,  
Because I have no sweetheart,  
Am pretty, so they say,  
Twenty-two to a day.

And so I crave a sweetheart,  
Pretty clothes I see galore,  
Hats! Oh, surely—by the score,  
I dance and play and sing,  
Gee cook most anything,  
Oh, who will be my sweetheart?  
If a chap there is who's free,  
And thinks he's just for me,  
Oh, let him fly on high  
For the nearest dear rube,  
To make him c'er my sweetheart.

next attraction at the Liberty Theatre. It will begin an engagement there on Feb. 28. "The O'Brien Girl,"

now at the Liberty, will close Saturday night, Feb. 18, and go to Philadelphia. Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger are featured in the cast of "The Ladies," which includes also Isabel Irving, George Howell, Percy Holton, Robert Fiske, Norma Mitchell, William Seymour and others. Incidentally, George M. Cohan has another company rehearsing "The O'Brien Girl," and will launch it out of town on Feb. 23.

**KEITH DINNER PROPOSED.**

A group of well known people yesterday proposed to E. F. Albee that he accept a testimonial dinner as a feature of the celebration of the third of the R. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit, of which Mr. Albee is the head. William C. Breed, Seward Prosser and William F. King delivered the proposal. Mr. Albee expressed himself as highly honored but declined to accept, individually, saying all the managers of the Keith Circuit and its affiliated interests, as well as many vaudeville artists, should be included in the honor, if possible. The dinner will probably be arranged as Mr. Albee suggests.

**BALL FOR ACTORS' FUND.**

The ball which the Allied Arts of the Theatre will give for the benefit of the Actors' Fund at the Hotel Astor, Feb. 25, will be under the auspices of the Sixty Club. The Managing Committee is made up of Catharine Calvert, Elsie Janis, Marilyn

Miller, Mae Murray, Vivienne Segal, Pearl White, Julia Sanderson, Irving Berlin, Richard Barthelmess, Daniel Frohman, Sam Hardy, S. Jay Kaufman, John W. Rumsey and H. B. Warner.

**NUTT'S DOPE.**

Jefferson Shrewsbury Nutt, special correspondent of this column, returned to Bogash, O., Monday and to-day we are in receipt of a letter from him suggesting a story.

"I hear," says Mr. Nutt, "that Senator Briand, former Prime Minister of France, says golf is 'just hitting a silly little ball.' This will stir up the golfers of the United States and ought to give us a great story. Why not have I and the wife run down to New York and interview Molla Busted the noted golf champion, and the Original Celtics, that great golf aggregation. Undoubtedly they would say Briand never learned golf and suggest that he wield a sputter a few times, or a smashie. I could get a great roar from these golf fiends, while the wife could tell how the lady niblicks cried about it and were heart-broken. If you want to get the job and he spent two days at it. To-day he discovered the truth and met Jack. Much excitement but could learn nothing.—Jeff."

**GOSSIP.**

Charles De Lima and Carlotta Monterey will be in "Madame Pierre." Jack Mason is putting on numbers for "The Blushing Bride." Cleveland Bronner and Ingrid Sol-fong have been engaged for "Make It Snappy." Edgar Selwyn is to write and stage Keith vaudeville acts; M. S. Benthams will manage them.

"The Midnight Rounders" is to be presented in Shubert vaudeville, Green and Blyler, Harry Hines and the Rath Brothers are in it.

There is an extraordinary press agent in the Broadway district. As yet he has not used radio phone stories in his work.

A. G. Delamater's forthcoming venture—his play by Philip Bartholomae and Emil Nityre—will be called "Broken Branches."

Edgar Nelson has been added to the cast of the new musical play, "Just Because," now in rehearsal.

Madam Petrova's fiftieth performance in "The White Peacock" will be attended to-night by a contingent of Bellevue Hospital nurses.

Ada King of "A Bill of Divorcement" has appeared in twenty English films but has never seen herself on the screen.

Jack Osterman will begin an engagement at the Riverside Theatre Monday. Jack may be seen in musical comedy this summer.

**A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.**

A Brooklyn candy maker is suing a girl on the claim that she jilted him. Oh fudge!—Wellsville Optic.

**FOOLISHNESS.**

(City Series)

Cleveland is a right nice city. Girls out there are often pretty. Dempsey won his title near there. Don't you knock it—don't you dare! Home of statesmen and the like. Young men favor the Van Dyke. Cleveland, you deserve three cheers. But, alas, I am in tears.

Be brave, dear heart!

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**

"My son, Eph, he's takin' a course in singin' music."

"Whah's he at, Mrs. Scroggins?"

"At some musical college dey calls Sing Sing."

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**

"W HAT is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.—Current Opinion.

## Screenings

By DON ALLEN

**"NO TICKET."**

Thomas Gubbins, who lived for years in China, speaks in many of the native dialects. Knowing the Chinese customs so well, he was engaged to assist Norman Dawn in directing "The Vermilion Pencil." Naturally, all went well in the film, with this combination, but this little yarn doesn't concern that at all.

Gubbins ambled to a Chinese laundry a couple of days ago for his other collar. He had lost the ticket. He spoke every dialect he had ever heard or learned. The Chinese was obdurate.

"No tickkee? No washee!" he bro-midically explained, and Tom went away empty handed.

**LA GRIPPE.**

A studio "grip" was used as an emotion barometer during the recent filming of the "Dust Flower." This particular workman was so visibly affected by the pathos going on in the set that he would shed real weeps.

All the director had to do in order to find out whether the scene was pathetic or not was to glance at the eyes of the scene shifter. If they were moist, the heart stuff was going fair; if they were damp, it was pretty near all right, and if the tears ran, flowed, then all was well.

It that workman had developed hay fever, they'd still be shooting remote shots and the "dust" in the title would have turned to mud long ago.

**TITLES AGAIN.**

That film titles and sub-titles are coming more and more to the fore is evidenced by the great guffaws of laughter that greeted the best subtitle of last week. It isn't necessary to press agent the film or star in order to tell the subtitle. The scene showed a lot of screen types eating. One had a generous supply balanced on a two-edged knife. Another character placed a restraining hand on the arm of the other:

"Don't bite the knife that feeds you!" was the title.

Poolish, you might say, but it got a big laugh.

**ED'S FAVORITE.**

Ed Wynn has two favorite theatres. Of course, for business purposes, "The Perfect Fool" prefers the George M. Cohan, but when it comes down to pleasure he has selected "The Mayfair," down Great Neck way.

Manager George Duck, no relation to Mallard or Teal, specializes in Harold Lloyd comedies, and Charlie Chaplin pictures, "just so," as he glibly says. "Ed can see how to become a more perfect perfect fool than he is on the stage."

**STILLS.**

Beatrice Van is the author of "Boy Crazy." Doris May's latest.

Rescue Hayakawa affixed his signature to 148 of his photographs as gifts to the officers and cadets of the Japanese training ship Tami Maru.

William J. Locke's "The Glory of Clementina" will be pictured by R. C.

Jack Mulhall, handsome young leading man of "Turn to the Right," on his first Eastern visit in eight years, was enthusiastically greeted by a million. The 1,000,000 happened to be flu germs. He'll better by now.

Cecil B. De Mille, director general of Paramount, arrived home to-day after a strenuous three months' gallivanting about Europe. He's chock full of movie ideas.

Mack Sennett came to bat yesterday with a regular Charley Schwab. He can't see anything but prosperity for years and years.

Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog actor, is able to be about, following his recent accident, but about is about all so far.

Grant C. Carpenter, Goldwyn scenarist, was asked to take an afternoon off recently and teach a class how to write. He advised the class to corner a surgeon and learn carving in three hours.

Thomas Melghan's latest, "The Proxy Daddy," has been completed in Hollywood.

Mary Miles Minter has just finished "The Heart Speaks." She plays the part of a Turkish beauty.

Glenn Swanson's French maid was caught weeping during the filming of a scene recently. Gloria radiated happiness because she had made her maid cry. It wasn't that at all. The maid had lost her pocketbook.